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Only Authentic Life

OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Alias

"OLD ABE"

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1936



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LIFE
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
Alias
"OLD ABE."



A Son of the West.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS BIRTH AND EDUCATION,
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JOKE-CUTTING AND SOLDIERING, WITH
SOME ALLUSIONS TO HIS JOURNEYS
FROM SPRINGFIELD TO WASHING-
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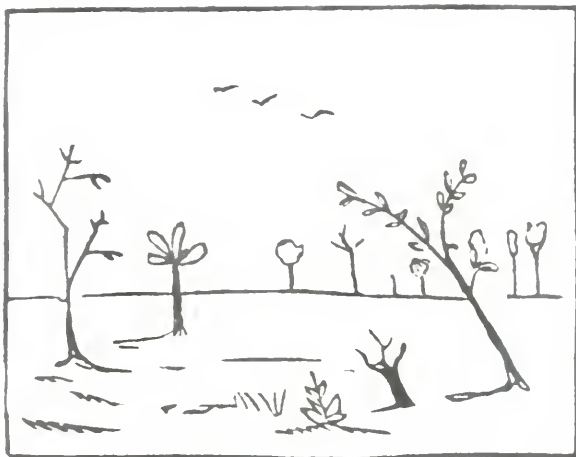
THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

It is now four years and some months since all doubts were dispelled concerning the birth of the subject of this biography.

No one now doubts that he was born.

Further, it is believed that he is the son of Old Lincoln, by his wife, Mrs. Lincoln. A better genealogy could not be desired.

Little Abraham, as his political friends called him at that time, first saw the light in Hardin county, Kentucky.



HARDIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY.

He was six feet two inches in height, and though his grandfather had been scalped by the Indians, felt pretty comfortable.

It is said that Hardin county still remains where it was. Little Abraham, however, has moved.

At the age of seven, Mr. Lincoln, who had already

become widely known about his father's farm, went to school. Here he began to develop the characteristics which have since been instrumental in the direction of our Government and the conduct of the War. He speedily learned to read and write, to chew tobacco, to cure the spasms in horses, to play the guitar, and to do sums in addition.

This was in 1703.

Considering his education complete, he now migrated to Indiana, where he built him an eyrie home upon the cloud-capped brow of a mountain crag and shouted at morn to the soaring eagle.



THE SOARING EAGLE, NOT REPLYING.

The soaring eagle did not reply.

On his way to Indiana, however, his flatboat got upset by a tropic hurricane, and he lost seven barrels of whiskey and a new saw-buck.

Here in the solitude of Nature, Abraham began to feel a yearning for wisdom, and was shocked one day by meeting a free nigger who knew more than he himself. This gave him a love of liberty and a horror of slavery. From that sentiment, so early in-

spired, resulted the famous Emancipation Proclamation.

Haunted by a fierce desire for more knowledge, then, Abraham once more attended school. He had a retentive memory and a buckskin suit.

For six months he labored, early and late, at his books, and at the end of that time was rewarded by the glorious consciousness that he knew everything.

He then left school and gave himself gladly up to a longing he had hitherto been unable to gratify; a maritime taste, and desire for nautical adventure.

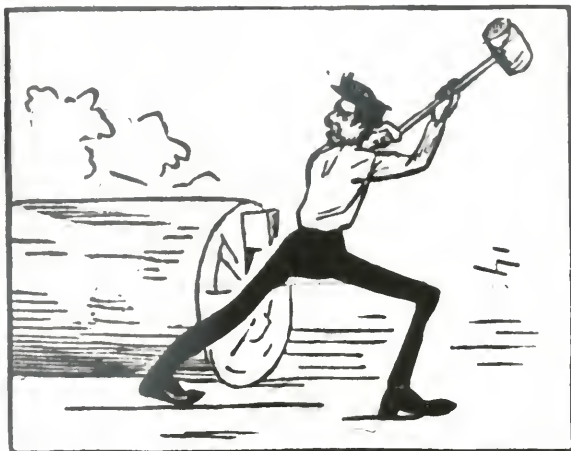


CAPTAIN LINCOLN, ON DECK.

He became captain of a long, low, rakish-looking flatboat, manned with a hardy, rollicking crew, and set sail, one fine morning, upon the flashing brine, for New Orleans. Nothing happened to him, and he returned.

Weary of the transient pleasures of a sailor's life, Abraham removed to a rose-embowered cot in Illinois, where he dwelt peacefully beside the silver Sangamon. His sole pursuit, at this time, was the splitting of rails.

His honesty became conspicuous at about the same period.



LINCOLN SPLITTING RAILS, IN SANGAMON.

The dread alarm of bloody conflict now resounded through Illinois. The Black Hawk war broke out, and the simple peasants of the forest sprang to arms. Was this a time for Lincoln to remain inert and tranquil? Not much.

The ghastly battle-field now saw his towering form stalk, gloomy, magnificent and tremendous, through the thick vapors of the cannon's mouth. At least such would have been the case, had it not been for the Indians who resolutely refused to come near Abraham's regiment.

It was in camp, at Beardstown, where he remained during the entire struggle, that Abraham acquired the marvelous ability of telling little stories, for which he is now so deservedly known.

In 1776, the Indian war being about played out, this great and good man was unanimously defeated as a candidate for the Legislature. His constituents loved him too much to let him leave them. To divert himself he set up a post-office in New Salem.

Shortly after this, came the turning-point of his existence.



LINCOLN TELLING LITTLE STORIES, IN CAMP.

He once more entered the political arena, was twice elected to the Legislature, fell in'to evil company, and became a lawyer!

How many poor wretches, alas! have dated back their fall, and the triumph of the fiend over them, to the time when they began to associate with bad companions!

From this moment, Abraham's course was rapid. First a Presidential Elector, he passed to the condition of Congressman, and was subsequently nominated for the Senate, but defeated.

About this time, he was married. He married Mrs. Lincoln.

In 1853 it was determined to have a Governor of Illinois, and Abraham wrote several letters in which he said "I am just the man you want." The Republican party was thus induced to support him, which was done in luxurious style, until the choice came before the people, a vulgar, ignorant set, who

THE LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

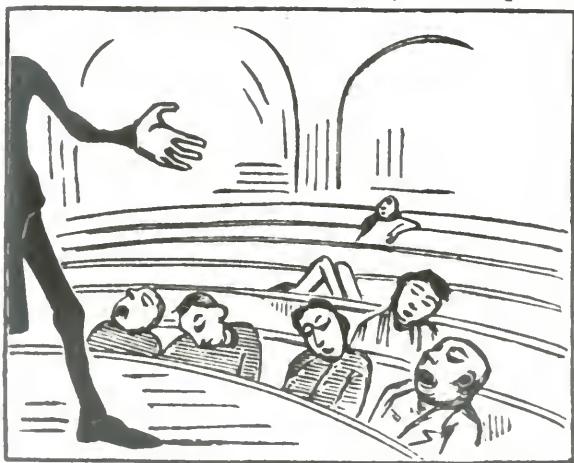
said they would rather have Judge Douglas. The Judge was therefore made Governor. This is the reason why Illinois has never been able to prosper.

Abraham now returned to splitting rails and telling little stories.

The length of the former, and the breadth of the latter attracted the attention of the world, and people began to ask themselves, "If so, why so?" and, "If not so, why so?" The result was that whispers circulated.

It was now determined that Mr. James Buchanan had been long enough in office, and that he was getting soiled, so the nation prepared to put on a clean President.

Abraham, though quite as modest as he was honest, thought this a good chance to make twenty-five thousand a year, so he went to New York and advocated his claims to the position, in a speech at



LINCOLN SPEAKING AT COOPER INSTITUTE.

Cooper Institute, charging two shillings admission fee. The Republicans admired his cheek, and nominated him at the Chicago Convention of 1860. He

accepted, in a letter, in which he said he almost wished they had chosen a statesman instead.



LINCOLN WRITING HIS LETTER OF ACCEPTANCE.

The whole country has wished so, since.

In due time, Abraham was elected. There were two other candidates, and more people voted against Lincoln than voted for him. He was therefore made President.

His trip from Illinois to Washington was a great spree. The country-folk crowded copiously about the railroad stations all along the route, and the new lawyer told them a little story everywhere he stopped. At Baltimore they proposed to tell him a little story in turn, but he gave them the slip and went through that city at night, disguised in a long cloak and Scotch cap, long ago become historical.

Baltimore is the home of the canvas-back duck, the terrapin, the Blood-rub and the Plug-ugly. It is called the Monumental City, and its inhabitants wanted to give Abraham a monument there. As has been said, however, he arrived safely in Washington without that mark of appreciation.

Most of the readers of this biography have probably heard of the Rebellion. It has formed the sub-



LINCOLN PASSING BALTIMORE.

ject of several newspaper articles. It is situated in the South, and its back-bone is much broken. It arose when Abraham was inaugurated, and claimed that ceremony as its papa. Maybe it was so, and maybe it wasn't; but if anybody asks you, tell him you don't know.

The State of Virginia sent three commissioners to ask the President what he was going to do about it.

He said, "Go 'way."

They went.

He then called for 75,000 troops, and requested the Rebels to stop their nonsense. Meanwhile he stopped their ports.

The insurrection fed well on this sort of food, and assumed dangerous proportions.

The industry of the South having gone to grief, all the men were at leisure to join the army, and as there was no more commerce, privateering became a profitable trade.

Seeing which, Abraham issued a proclamation recommending the gradual Emancipation of the niggers .

This showed Mr. Greeley, Mr. Chase, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Sumner, and others, that his back was weak on the question of Slavery, and they went at him. Meanwhile, remembering his martial life in the Black Hawk war, and his marital experience on the bounding flatboat, he assumed command of the Army and Navy of the United states.



LINCOLN ASSUMING COMMAND OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

Getting mixed on the nigger question, he scolded General Fremont for emancipating the slaves of Missouri Rebels, and, shortly after, emancipating those of loyalists in the District of Columbia, paying however, a small price for them. The result was that all the old used-up slaves within two hundred miles were brought on to Washington and sold to the Government for emancipation purposes.

Abraham's cabinet was rather a curious affair at this time. His Secretary of State was Mr. Seward, a well known Albany politician and a sort of whitewashed



A GOOD GOVERNMENT BARGAIN.

Democrat. His Secretary of War was a Pennsylvania demagogue, Mr. Cameron. His Secretary of the Navy was an old gentleman from the backwoods, Mr. Welles, who had never smelled tar. His Secretary of the Treasury was Mr. Chase, who had never handled money before in his life. The other post—that of the Post-office—was filled by Mr. Blair, who made the usual changes for the worse in the arrangement of that department, and who was very fatal to country post-masters.

These gentlemen went on beautifully as might have been expected. Their time was chiefly devoted to the frustration of each other's designs, and their success in that line was really remarkable.

Hence what is called the conduct—meaning the misconduct—of the war.



LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

Mr. Cameron was soon caught in suspicious connection with the contract-business and was discharged from the Cabinet. Mr. Stanton, a Philadelphia lawyer, took his place, with General Halleck as a sort of military backbone, but the country was so disgusted with this change from the frying-pan to the fire, that Abraham feared to remove even Welles the sleepy, or Chase the muddlehead.

The fratricidal struggle, then, looked very queer. Mismanagement and division of councils wearied out the people's patriotism, wasted their money and demoralised our Army in Virginia.

So, to add to the rare and strange estimation in which Abraham was coming to be held, he ordered a conscription of Three Hundred Thousand men, and issued a proclamation for the Emancipation of all slaves in Rebellious States.

The effect may be easier imagined than described. At about this time, Secretary Seward came in

possession of a Little Bell, which had a very sweet sound to his ear.



SECRETARY SEWARD AND HIS LITTLE BELL.

Whenever he rang it, somebody was sent to jail, on good charges, bad charges or indifferent charges, and somebody therefore objected, naturally enough. To do away with such objections, then, the Secretary prevailed upon Abraham to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*, so that men might be sent to jail without any charges whatever.

The President good-naturedly acquiesced and ordered that the writ of *habeas corpus* must not be observed, but that, by way of offset, the Sabbath must.

This won him great popularity among those who liked to go to church and those who liked to go to jail.

Three Hundred Thousand more conscripts were then called out, and the Rebellion continued to flourish, though the conscripts were sent to the field.

Let it not be thought that Abraham did not make preparations, all this time, for the reception of peaceful overtures from the Rebels. He sent

a corn-doctor to Richmond ; confiscated the property of the enemy ; sent a half-crazy philosopher from



CONSCRIPTS IN THE FIELD.

Colorado after the corn-doctor ; a Methodist parson turned colonel and a sensation magazine-writer after the Colorado lunatic ; called for Five Hundred Thousand more conscripts, and wrote a letter "to whom it may concern," offering to make peace if the Rebels would give up their theories, their property, their lives, and do just as he wanted them to forever after.

What more could be desired ?

The ingrates have not accepted the terms of this letter, so far as heard from, and Abraham's season of rulership promises to expire before the Rebellion.

Thus much for the history of a truly great and good man, brought down to the present time.

This biography can not chronicle the close of Abraham's long and useful life. Perhaps it is to be regretted.

Some particulars, however, of his personal appearance, habits, etc., may not be unacceptable, for it is

net likely that any such person will ever again occupy the Presidential chair.

Mr. Lincoln stands six feet twelve in his socks, which he changes once every ten days. His anatomy is composed mostly of bones, and when walk-



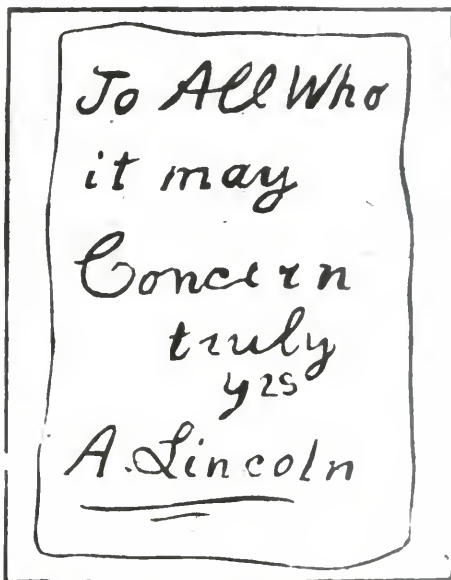
LINCOLN OUT WALKING.

ing he resembles the offspring of a happy marriage between a derrick and a windmill.

When speaking he reminds one of the old signal-telegraph that used to stand on Staten Island. His head is shaped something like a ruta-bago, and his complexion is that of a Saratoga trunk. His hands and feet are plenty large enough, and in society he has the air of having too many of them. The glove-makers have not yet had time to construct gloves that will fit him.

In his habits he is by no means foppish, though

he brushes his hair sometimes, and is said to wash. He swears fluently. A strict temperance man himself, he does not object to another man's being pretty drunk, especially when he is about to make a bargain with him. He is fond of fried liver and onions, and is a member of the church. He can hardly be called handsome, though he is certainly much better looking since he had the small-pox. As a public speaker he differs considerably from Daniel Webster and Artemus Ward. He is hospitable, bilious, and writes



FAC-SIMILE OF LINCOLN'S HANDWRITING.

a good hand. Mrs. Lincoln thinks well of him. He is 107 years old.

Such is Abraham Lincoln. Take him at his best he is much better than those think him who under-rate his virtues. For his friends, who like his administration, he would make a better candidate for re-election than some man they do not like so well.

With others, it is different. There are several editions of his life published, but the foregoing is the best. He himself says so. The writer agrees with him. So does he.

This is all.



THE END.



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